

Brain Donor

"Bury The Living"

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Bury the living in their own filth.
Out of the fog they come clawing forth,
Starving for human flesh.
A world in fear.
In our streets tearing through the public,
Chewing the innocent.
Run if you can.
Death nothing else surrounds.
And they will find you.
Exactly when you do you will become the dead.
And they will find you.
You will become the dead.
As blood pours down your face, eaten alive and
disgraced. [x3]
Bury the living in their own filth.

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